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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

FLORENCE MACARTHY: *an Irish Tale*.
By Lady Morgan. London 1818.
12mo. 4 vols.

Novel writing has within these few years assumed a very different phasis from what it presented of old. The fearful romances of knight-errantry yielded to the longest of long love stories; these in turn succumbed to the portraiture of existing manners; these branched off into the low comic of vulgar life; these in a wonderful way were converted into tales of moral and religious instruction; these were succeeded by fables of philosophical inquiry; these gave way to the illustration of national character, the latest and most popular works of the kind: and now we have another variety, in a novel addressed principally to the assertion of political opinion, but combining also a portion of the ancient romantic style with the drawing of individual modern character, and the revenge of literary wrongs sustained by the writer.

Through the equally efficacious means of praise and censure, of flattery and abuse, Lady Morgan has acquired a name and notoriety which must attach general curiosity and interest to all her productions. And from its being pretty generally understood that under the disguise of Florence Macarthy she was to take her "great revenge" upon her critics, these volumes were looked for with an additional anxiety by that numerous class of readers who delight in fiction much, but much more in real personal crimination. We do not profess to be sufficiently acquainted with the scene of action in Ireland to know if all the dramatis personæ are genuine personages; but as even at this distance we recognise several portraits (though unable to tell whether or not they are like-nesses) it strikes us that the author is only ideal in her colouring, and that the features are intended for originals.

The ground on which these portraits are painted, or, to drop our metaphor, the story in Florence Macarthy, is of a very romantic cast, and considerably involved. A clear-sighted novel reader will indeed soon discover the secret of the hero; but that of the heroine is more mysterious, and it is not till near the end that it is completely unfolded.

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We must add, however, that there is some improbability in it, which serves to increase the puzzle.

In a vessel which arrives at Dublin are two persons previously unknown to each other: the one is *Il Librator*, a Guerilla warrior of great renown, from among the patriots of South America, and the other a young English gentleman calling himself De Vere, of a singularly eccentric temperament: the former is drawn upon the model of Buonaparte, the latter upon that of Lord Byron. Of course they become attached to each other, and *The Liberator* is the hero of the piece. They see a great deal of wretchedness among the lower orders in the suburbs of Dublin, on their way to the Inn. Here finding that their future destination lies as far as Buttevant in the same direction, they agree to travel together; and refuse to receive a female companion into their chaise, who offers to take a third of it on overhearing their conversation. This Lady's name is Magilicuddy; she has a red nose and green spectacles, and appears to be a sort of religious-tract distributor. On their route they frequently encounter this disagreeable person; and the journey is less remarkable for incident than for descriptions of the difficulties of the road, the behaviour of the innkeepers and their domestics, and the appearance and antiquities of the country. Arrived in the South of Ireland, *Il Librator* wishes to become the purchaser of a castle and estate, called Court Fitzadelm, which is for sale, and for this object visits the agent, Darby Crawley, an attorney, who with his whole family of brothers and sons have obtained wealth and promotion by their servility to the government, and oppression of the people. While this affair is pending, the Dowager Marchioness of Dunore, the lady of the manor, pays a visit, with a fashionable party, to Dunore Castle and her Irish estates, in order to canvass the borough of Glannacrine for her second son Lord Adelm Fitzadelm, his senior brother, the Marquis, being a lunatic ward in the custody of his mother. There is much visiting and bustle in consequence of this event, and Dunore Castle displays, among other strangers, *Il Librator* and a Lady Clancare, the last of the regal race of Macarthys, whom Lady Morgan designates as her own resemblance. She is a person of extraordinary genius, an

authoress as well as a peeress in her own right, exceedingly beloved by the poor, and at once captivating and mysterious. The Crawleys plot her ruin, and the ruin of *Il Librator*, whom the old vulgar father Darby has some reason to dislike and dread, and whom the youngest son, Counsellor Conway Crawley, persecutes with restless malignity. All their designs, however, fail. *Il Librator* turns out to be the real Marquis of Dunore, Mr. De Vere to be his cousin Lord Adelm, and Mrs. Magilicuddy, alias Lady Clancare, to be Florence Macarthy, the betrothed wife of the South American Leader. By this revolution the Crawleys are reduced to shame and poverty, and the rightful heir of the Norman Fitzadelms, with his Lady, the representative of the Macarthys, are restored to the possessions of their respective ancestors.

Among the characters introduced are an old schoolmaster, Mr. Terence O'Leary, the foster-father of the heir; Mr. Daly, an ancient and unchanged Hibernian patriot; Lord Eversham, Aidu-Camp to the Lord Lieutenant, a Dandy of some humour and intellect; Baron Boulter and Judge Aubrey, i. e. Lord Norbury, and Judge Fletcher; Lord Rosbrin, a nobleman madly addicted to private theatricals; Padreen Gar, a supposed leader of rebel marauders, and many others of less note.

Without entering into a detailed opinion of this work, we may state that it is certainly equal to any of the authoress's preceding publications. Several of the conversations are rather dull, but in general they are amusing. There is a bitter indulgence in private and personal hostility, but this, if the pique be directed justly, has at least provocation to excuse it; and we miserable critics know what we have to expect when we wound the vanity or self-love of a female writer. Diana, a goddess, punished the poor wretch with death who merely saw her naked by chance; and what can we expect from an enraged woman, if we strip her naked and expose all her defects to the world? To be torn to pieces as Acteon was, though not by the same means!

We should notice the far too frequent occurrence of French words and scraps of French; English books should be written in English. Lady Morgan seems to have an inveterate antipathy to Bible

Societies, Religious Tract Associations, Methodists, and other sectaries; nor does she spare some hits at the Protestant Established Church in Ireland, which is one of the grievances arraigned by her actors. Indeed the woes of that poor country are the burthen of her song—chiefly those of its misgovernment, but even its natural climate does not escape reprobation.

It was one of those rich, red, autumnal evenings, which in Ireland make the sole, the short indeterminacy, for eleven months of rain and vapour.—p. 133, vol. 2.

And after all, the evils which afflict Ireland seem as much to be owing, in Lady Morgan's estimation, to physical and moral causes, to the mode in which its rulers act; for she makes her aged and virtuous patriot, Mr. Daly, declare, that

The Irish peasantry are not only more indigent than they were forty years ago, but they have lost much of the gaiety and cheerfulness of spirit which set sorrow at defiance. Their wakes and fairs, patterns, and Sunday evening cake, are almost wholly laid aside: these, and the hurling matches, that noble, athletic, and national sport, are quite gone by: and of the troops of pipers and harpers that used to perform daily in their villages, or resort to the houses of the gentry, where welcome entertainment and ample remuneration awaited them, there scarce remain any of the order.

We now transcribe one scene, as a specimen of the writer's humour. It is laid in Mr. Darby Crawley's house, at Mount Crawley, where, after describing the visitors, mostly family connections and dependent toad-eaters, the following conversation takes place,

The Commissioner (a brother) observing that no verbal announce of dinner followed the summons of the bell, turned to Mr. Crawley impatiently, and asked,

"What do we wait for?—Do you expect any one to dinner, Darby?"

"Not a Christian," returned Mr. Crawley. "Thady, dear, give the bell a touch, and bid them dish."

"You forget, brother Crawley," said his sister anxiously, "that I told you, if you would have listened to me, or to any one but Jenny Bryan, when you came home, that I had asked a gentleman to dinner, every distinguished person, that called on you this morning, after you were gone to Glanmore."

"Oh, very well, he'll be here while dinner's dishing, I'll engage.—Did he have his name?"

"I can't tell you his name," said Miss Crawley, with a smile, "because I really forgot to ask it. But what's in a name? as Romeo says. This P however can tell you: he is not only the most distinguished, but the most poetical-looking person, as dear Lady Clotworthy would have said."

"You know, Ann Clotworthy, I am always rather a *stipendiary* to your descriptions," said Mr. Crawley, winking to the sub-sheriff, "ever since you told me that that Methodist preacher, who came to us on a visit of two days, and staid three months, was an *angel without wings*. He was without wings sure enough, but it was a scarecrow without wings he was the very moral of."

"That's nate!" said the sub-sheriff.

"Mighty nate!" replied the surveyor.

"When I spoke of the angelic properties of the Reverend Jeremiah Judd, I alluded to the inward man, and I was induced to-day to believe, for a moment, that this gentleman had brought letters from him; but though he avowed that his mission into this country was of a serious nature."

"Then I'll tell you once for all, Miss Crawley," interrupted her brother in a passion, "I will not have my house made a magdalen asylum to a parcel of canting methodistical thieves, who are of no use but to set aside the simple *lethargy* of the church service, and to substitute the errors of the Presbyterians for those of the established faith. With your missions and missions, conversions and perversions, have you left me a tuppenny in my pocket to give to my own poor in New-Town Mount Crawley? And pray, what's gone of my one pound note that went to make Christians of the black negroes? Never saw a single soul of them set foot in a church yet, bairning Mrs. Casey's little black boy, that carries her prayer-book to early service. And I'd trouble you for my eleven and fourpence halfpenny, Miss Crawley, that you made me give to get King Pomarre, of the Otaheitee Islands, to let himself be baptized; though faith I believe it was king of the Mummers, that's king of the *hummers* he was? And 'bove all, where's my sixteen and three-pence, carried off by your *'angel without wings'*, for lighting up the dark villages; and my elegant *swallowtail*, that was stolen out of the hall in Merrion Square, by your converted Jew, that was waiting for your *'Guide to the Land of Promise'*? I wish you had given the Devil his *Jew* (due), and left me my great coat; that's all, Miss Crawley."

"That's nate!" cried the sub-sheriff, looking to the surveyor.

"Mighty nate!" echoed the surveyor, nodding his head, while Mr. Crawley, who had punned himself into good humour, as the man in the *Guardian* punned himself out of a fever, and who observed the rest of the party much amused at this attack upon the evangelical and dictatorial Miss Crawley, continued, in a milder tone,

"Now, Cloty, dear, I could you before that I never would let one of your *angels without wings* roost in my house to the day of my death, since Mr. Judd's visitation, who did nothing but preach and ate from morning to night, frightening the life out of me, and abusing the cook. I'd rather see the Devil come into my house than a Methodist preacher. Lord forgive me! and thinks when there's a religion by law

established, which qualifies a man for every place in the state, it may serve our turn as well as our betters. If this gentleman then is one of the serious, one of your missionaries—"

"Here he is, to speak for himself; here at least is one of the Dunore hack chaises driving up the approach, so I'll ring for dinner," observed the commissioner.

"Oh! a hack chaise," said his wife, superciliously, and letting fall her spy-glass.

"Is it a *hack* chaise?" asked Miss Crawley in a tone of mortification; but before any other observation could be made, the door was opened, and the stranger, unannounced, appeared. He was in full dress; and the air with which he entered the room, and walked to the place occupied by Miss Crawley, was marked by a certain disengaged freedom, beyond what is merely acquired in society—the ease of consciences, careless superiority.

The arrival of H. Librator and De Vere at an Inn is more characteristic and in a better tone.

As they descended, therefore, from their carriage, they ordered a chaise and horses for Gaul Bally, to be ready against their return from the rock.

"Certainly, Sir," said the landlord, slightly touching his hat, and resuming his conversation with a man-of-business-looking person, who was talking to him at the door. "Barney, a chaise out to Gaul Bally."

Barney, having taken due time to consume a portion of tobacco, called out in his turn to a driver near him, "Tim, honey, just call out a chay to Gaul-Bally." Tim, who was seated on the steps of a horse-post, playing with a large dog, addressed himself to a blind beggar, with "Step into the yard, and tell Corney Doolin a chay's wanted to Gaul-Bally."

"What is the distance to Gaul-Bally?" asked H. Librator, who, as well as his fellow traveller, had observed the progress of these deputed orders with impatience and irritation.

"What is the distance to Gaul-Bally?" returned the landlord with sang-froid, as it he now first observed them, "upon my word and reputation, Sir, I can't say—that is really,—Gaul-Bally. Barney, can you answer these gentlemen?"

"Och, Sir, shure you don't post to Gaul Bally at all at all: there's no posting there, Sir, nor was't many a year. If the gentlemen bes going to Doneraile or Buttevant, they'd best go the low road; and take the glen of Agherlow to Mitchelstown."

"We are resolved not to take any road but that we've fixed on; and I suppose we can have a chaise and horses to what stage and place we choose, no matter where, if we pay for them."

This observation, made with haughtiness and petulance by Mr. De Vere, induced the landlord to uncover his head, and to reply:

"Certainly, Sir: if you indemnify me, Sir,

I can let you have every accommodation in life; up to the top of Mangerton, if you please; only there is no posting. I give you my word, gentlemen, on these cross roads in Munster: that is, I don't send out my cattle by the mile; but you can have them by the job or day, and welcome."

"Why then, job or day," said Barney, with a significant look at his master, "if the chay goes by Gaul Bally, its on a low-backed car it will come back."

"Shure, enough," said Tim, rubbing round his shoulders, "and wouldn't care to be the driver, barring I was well ped, and left my throat behind me, specially near Kilhalogue, the thieves' wood, down there, below."

"I came that way in my gig from Kilfinnen," said the man of business, "and found it good enough, and two dragoons with me."

"Och, then, it behoves you, and the likes of you, Mr. Fogarty," said Tim, "to look to that, Sir; for the times never ran so hard against the excise as now: in respect of bringing down the military, and the grate still-hunting, and finding the townlands to ruination."

"Will you take the chay on to Buttevant, gentlemen?" asked the innkeeper.

"To Buttevant, certainly—perhaps further," replied the younger traveller.

"I don't think I could give it under seven or eight guineas a-day," he returned, musing; "but I'll let you know in a minute;" and he entered the house, followed by Tim, Barney, and the exciseman, to hold a council.

"Eight guineas a-day! sorrow send it you, Mr. Collagon!—eight guineas! Dinul!!"

This apostrophe was made by a person who leaned against the back of the stranger's chaise.

This person, Padreen Gar, finally offers his services to drive them in a return equipage of his own, and, to punish the Innkeeper's attempt at imposition, they are accepted.

While the light luggage was removing into the new vehicle, the appearance of that vehicle, its horses, and driver, were a source of affected entertainment to the disappointed landlord and his satellites.

"Barney, that's a nate article of a chay," observed Tim. "Troth, I would not wonder if it was culd Cormac Mac Coleman's travelling landau, when he went the pilgrimage to Holy-cross."

"Faith, Tim, lad, you're not much out, I believe; for there's a crown on it, shure enough, which shews it belonged to th' old kings of Munster, any how, King Flann or Brien Boror, may be."

"Why then, for all that, Barney, I wisht I had all the chickens that ever was hatch'd in it, grand as it is. And look at the *garans*.* Sir; Oeh! but their grate bastes, and warranted not to draw. I'll

engage they'd rather die than run, and no ways skittish, that's certain, any way."

The owner of this equipage, against which so many sarcasms were launched, was hitherto coolly rubbing down his horses with a whisp of straw; and singing, or rather humming,

"I am a rake and a rambling boy,
My lodging 'tis near Auchnagheloy."

He now paused, however, to observe, "The cattle's shurely not so fine as them was shot in the mall, near Kilworth, Mr. Barney Heffernan, but they are good mountain cattle, for all that, and will take the gentlemen better through the Galtees, and safer too, than handsomer bastes, plase Jasus!"

The former part of this observation had caused a very obvious revulsion in the colour of Mr. Heffernan's face, who, drawing some straws from between the wheels of the chaise, said, in a conciliating voice, "I'm glad to see you about the world again, Owny—when did you set up driver?"

"A little after the tithe-proctor's business in the murdering glen below, in the county of Waterford," replied *Oirny*, significantly.

Barney Heffernan slunk away, and no further sarcasm was launched against Owny's *set-out*, which both the gentlemen stood for some minutes examining with curiosity.

These are fair samples of the more entertaining parts of this novel: its graver passages do not please us so well, as they frequently betray affectation in words and doctrines. "The vigour of volition," as an important principle of human action, and "senility" in a person at the age of 45, we can scarcely comprehend; and we dislike exceedingly what we do comprehend in the subjoined picture of Miss Crawley. What a wretched, soul-less sensualist does it depict its object, and, by implication, how does it degrade the female sex and character!

Miss Crawley was of that undefined age which is occasionally found to vibrate between the folly and susceptibility of youth, and the despondence and experience of disappointed senility: that drowning age in which female celibacy catches at every straw held out by hope, or offered by vanity, and which, with the illusive chemistry of self-love, converts every circumstance of the day's ordinary routine into the chance of that change so devoutly wished. She had long sighed for a fellow labourer in that cause, which, like all other causes tinted with human leaven, is best carried on with the auxiliary of rank, fortune, or personal advantage.

We have no room for further remark or extract. As the publication makes a great noise, (to use the common phrase) our readers may think we have given them a sufficient allowance of both.

Replies to the Letters of the Fudge Family in Paris. Edited by Thomas Brown, Esq. London 1818. 12mo. pp. 168.

We are surprised that the sale, we will not say success, of Mr. Moore's work, has not sooner provoked imitation. The unmeasured abuse of princes and ministers, the pandering to the basest passions of the multitude, the irrational repetition of exploded falsehoods; and the silly, otherwise mischievous, the weak, otherwise wicked, misrepresentation of Britain and British objects, are exploits completely within the reach of such writers as can be base enough to combine a flowing versification and a seasoning of witticisms with the defamation of statesmen, the insult of monarchs, and the calumny of country.

Justly observant, therefore, of the disease of our times, the author has prostituted his abilities to the composition of that species of work which is too sure to obtain circulation. He has reviled our rulers,—the only way to please John Bull: he has declared that we are a miserable people,—a declaration which invariably affords us contentment: he has argued, that abroad and at home every thing is corrupt, oppressive, wrong,—the infallible click-clack for rendering readers self-satisfied, soothed in their fancied sufferings, and quite delighted with their unhappiness. It is strange indeed that they do not tire of this harping upon their woes and grievances; but, as in the case of the *Charlatan* and the *regular Physician*, the majority of mankind, or, as in that case they are denominatated, the fools, will run after quackery, be it in politics or in medicine, in verse or in prose.

The Replies to the Letters of the Fudge Family consist, together with a mystifying preface, of letters from Lady Mary M - - - and Miss Dolly Delaney to Miss Biddy Fudge; of Vis-C - - - to Phil. Fudge, Esq.; of Richard Renegade to Mr. Bob Fudge; of Wm. Veritas to Phelim Connor; of Mr. Timothy Spinbrath to Mr. David Longmetre; and of Tim. Fudge, Barrister at Law, to his Brother Phil. at Paris. In most of these there is considerable merit of composition, though deformed with two or three rhymes not now tolerated even in light poetry, and some, perhaps accidental, false quantities, which revolt the ear.

We shall but advert to one other point, in which the author has outdone his model. The Briton who can have the hardihood to insinuate, even in a political squib, that any individual, connected or not connected with the go-

* Poor hack horses.

vernment of a country which holds such practices in utter abhorrence, could be so vile as to devise against the life of the Outcast at St. Helena, and employ agents to execute those infamous designs, displays at least a very bad taste.

The better portion of the volume consists of weaving in a love affair between Mr. Spinbrain, a huck dependent on her father, and Lady Mary M - - -, and the adventures of Mr. Renegade and his friend Lord Smash upon the turf. The story of the amour is told in part by Lady Mary herself, but more particularly in the following letter from her confidant :

MISS DOLLY DELANEY TO MISS BIDDY FUDGE.

Bath.
Sure never poor girl was so bother'd, dear Biddy,
With crosses of love that are none of her own?
On my conscience, I'm pester'd,—my head is
quite giddy,
I hope love, for the future, will—leave you alone.
Lady MARY has worried me fifty times over
('Twas her only discourse ev'ry day in last week)
With her pleasures of pains between her and her
lover,
Yet, requesting that I'd on the subject ne'er
speak:

Troth! I'd fain have been quiet, would she have
but let me,
Sorrow word of the matter I wish'd her to say,
But in every corner where'er she could get me
The creature would tell it me every day.
Your adventure, too, Biddy, though foolish
enough,

With our jokes at CLONSKILTY would never
agree;

But how girls can believe such nonsensical stuff
From the men who deceive them, astonishes me.

But I'm now to inform you, her Ladyship says,
Of all that has happen'd within these few days
(Which she could not express, as her feelings it
wounded)

In our family circle,—by trouble surrounded.
But I first must acquaint you, for first it shou'd
follow,

My Lord's friend, whom her LADYSHIP fancied

Apollo,
Was introduce'd here as a *Tutor*, I think,
Though sure, it seem'd more for some victuals
and drink;

Since a figure so wretched I scarce ever met
In the fields, where stuff'd emblems for scare-
crows are set.

His dejected shrunk visage, pale, lengthen'd, and
lean,

With small grey hollow eyes* which could
scarcely be seen,

Made him look like a knight of the sorrowful
mien.

With large eyebrows, and whiskers approaching
to red,

Corresponding with, almost, a carrotty head;
In height nearly six feet, had he stood but erect,
But so thin,—so much grace none could fairly
expect;

His dress was genteel,—though I think, on my
word,
That it came to his hands through the means of
my Lord;

* It is evident the Gentleman here alluded to has not looked with the same eyes on LADY MARY and Miss DOLLY.—See Letter VI. p. 47. ED.

And so much for his person,—I rather believe
Lady MARY ne'er meant my opinion to give,
Had she written herself:—and sure this is no
wonder,—

But I'll bother the thing if I offer to blunder,
So and so you shall have the whole truth in this
letter,

That, by reading, you may understand it the
better:

I shall only observe, 'twas a wonderful case,
How she could talk of love after seeing his face;
But in love so she was, and that up to the ears,
And by marriage about just to end all her fears;
When my LORD brought some bailiffs, which none
knew a word of,—

But the lover escap'd, and has not since been
heard of.

Yet this did not occur through my LORD's op-
position,

As till then he had ne'er entertained a suspicion
Of the vows that had pass'd between Scholar
and Tutor,

But suppos'd to each other they must remain
neuter;

Faith! no wonder,—who'd think such an object
would suit her?

Mr. SPINBRAIN, it seems, had his LORDSHIP de-
ceiv'd

In not being so loyal as he had believ'd;
And—(the schemer!) whilst cheating him out
of his daughter,

And herself of her heart,—all the good he had
taught her,—

He but feign'd that the Ministers ne'er were to
blame,

And each day told their vices in some borrow'd
name;

Ev'n my LORD and his friends had not 'scaped
his aspersions,

Whose mistakes were made known through his
private insertions

In the prints of the day;—as his LORDSHIP pro-
tested,

'Twas but just that such characters shou'd be
arrested:

So, against Mr. SPINBRAIN, who ow'd him a
debt,

(Though it was but a trifle,—how much I forget!)
He soon took out a writ to secure him in jail,

But the wretch, as his LORDSHIP says, gave him
leg bail;

Who, confounded on seeing his heart's fondest
hope

In the arms of this spectre, about to clope,
(For this was the object that first met his view)

Which in such a confusion the family threw,
The escape was accomplish'd, for none cou'd

pursue:

My LORD quickly recover'd, and sought him

in vain,—

For two days he appear'd, BIDDY, almost insane,
And for which I am quite at a loss to explain.

As the Poet and Lord, none of first were so great,
Now the Lord owes the Poet invertebrate hate;

And yet aims at securing him, you may depend,
Which appears the more strange as the love's at

an end

'Twixt the half-starv'd *Adonis* and our betray'd
friend.

The house where (in *Grub-street*, I think) he
once liv'd,

My LORD says, is more horrid than can be con-
ceiv'd;

But of this you may judge by his dogg'rel + alone,
(Since the *Garret* describ'd is exactly *his own*)

Which I send in this packet with more of his
scribbling,

As a proof that the Lover was ready at quibbling;

+ See Appendix, page 142. ED.

And these (ere she saw them) was all the delight
Of our friend's conversation, from morning till
night.

But I ought to have told you before, that a note
Was pick'd up by his LORDSHIP, that SPINBRAIN
had wrote,

And address'd to ANN WILLIS, my Lady's own
Maid,

Which at once both his falsehood and folly betrayed.

They have turn'd off the creature, and all now is
peace
Where each day social happiness seems to in-
crease.

Two young Noblemen often our leisure beguile,
And one only exists in her LADYSHIP's smile;
But the other is caught by some charms that
appear

In a certain young Maid from CLONSKILTY, my
dear;

But, in troth I must finish—my paper's out, quite,
Having scarcely left room a short postscript to
write;

When you next fall in love don't be guided by
folly,

And believe me till death

Your affectionate
DOLLY.

P. S.—My Papa has completely got rid of his
gout,
And intends coming over next month, beyond
doubt;

He informs me all friends in the country are well,
And that LARRY MICORMIC is married to NELL;
I just thought so—for sure I shall never forget,
They were certain to quarrel wherever they met.
But I must make an end, and so, BIDDY, good bye;
And whence'er to this letter you send a reply,
Let us know when you think to come over again,
And when you do come, here I hope you'll remain.

D— D—

Renegade's details of his catastrophe
are thus conveyed from *Ellenborough
Cottage*, a cant name, it seems, for the
King's Bench prison:

I went down for a week to Newmarket with
SMASH,

With some odds in our favour—five hundred in
cash;

Which relying on him, I expected would do,—
But the very first heat our resources look'd blue;
Yet we staid out the week, and continued to bet,
And then—quitted the course—just three thousand
in debt!

Cou'dn't hedge off a stiver,—and thus we were bit,
By some *Flats* who for once made a *fortunate* h.t.

But the worst of it was, whilst on honor we play'd,
(And you know debts of honor, BOB, ought to be
paid)

We forgot that our credit was touch'd here in
town,
And expected, of course, the affair would be
blown:

But SMASH (thanks to his foresight!) thought
fit to inquire

If I had not an elegant sideboard on hire
For the use of my *Venus*?—A rich show of plate
I'd obtain'd from my Silversmith, who had of late
Oft supplied my Papa;—and by SMASH's advice
We converted his metal to coin in a trice;
My barouche, greys, and every thing moveable,
flew,

To keep up our credit, BOB, what cou'd we do?
My LORD thought, for himself, he had better
abandon,

Unless I wou'd consent to make over my bond

For our payments still minus—twelve hundred,
or so,
(Since his own would have not been accepted,
you know)
Which I did, as the dog had so friendly behav'd,
And by this *coup de grâce* both our *credits* were
sw'd.

I cut with my Girl, whose chagrin knew no
bounds—
Though, in three months, *Sae'd* nick'd me of
two hundred pounds;
But my *Traders* got scot of my shatter'd affairs,—
(And of all opportunities save me from theirs!)
Who bestow not a thought on a gentleman's ill,
But exclaim, as by instinct, “*My Bill, Sir, my
Bill!*”

Not in cur for a Guy with *Mechanical* tricks,
I genteelly bestow'd a few curses and kicks
On some half dozen wretches from whom I'd no
peace,

That by proper correction their clamor might
cease,
Which my own provocations but serv'd to increase.

But a fellow (the Silversmith) lied to Sir *John*,
And acquainted him with my “unfair goings on.”
Yet, presenting his bill, “hop'd he'd not be un-
willing”—

—The *BARONET* stopt him with “Sir, not a
shilling

“On account of my Son you'll from me ever
get;

“And how dare you, Sir, trust him so much in
your debt?

“You acknowledge to sending his order, the
rather,

“Because the young profligate spoke of his
Father;

“And therefore, although of his vices you knew,
“I perceive that you only kept *int'rest* in view:

“You may now to my Son, and with him can
explain,—

“Good morning,—nor e'er let me see you
again.”

Thus ended their *tete-a-tete*,—and the same day
I by two civil scoundrels was hurried away
To my present abode, where I'm likely to stay.
By the bye (as I've heard) *SMASH* has done the
thing neatly,

And, in *Co.* with the knowing-ones, sold me
completely;

Snack'd the bit with the Sharps—took my Girl
into keeping,

In the nick when the jade my misfortunes was
weeping;

And has play'd off his hits so adroitly and clever,
That in public he shines more resplendent than
ever.

He has not call'd on me—neither would I advise
him,

For, whenever I see him I mean to surprise him;
Since he not only gull'd me—I that could for-
give,

But then, damn it! I'll never be scorn'd, whilst
I live;

And a crony of mine, as a secret confest
That my name now but serv'd as a butt for his
jeat.

I had nearly forgot to inform you, *SIR JOHN*
(Misfortune, you know, *Bob*, ne'er visits alone)
Who, determining not to be worse than his word,
Was no sooner convinc'd the accounts he had
heard

Bore a *semblance* of truth—very common in
town—

That his Son was knock'd up—his appendages
down,

Than with *liberal* hand he his purse-strings close
drew,

And instead of six hundred, reduc'd me to two!

I suppose the old Vet'ran his Son won'd *reclaim*?
But to kiss the rod now would not show thorough
game,
And I could not retract (ev'n though willing) for
shame.

But I'm off to a party of “lads of delight,”
Where o'er port and good-humour we'll spend
our time cheerly;—

If I mean to send this to the Office to night,
I've scarce time to subscribe myself

Still yours sincerely,

R—R—

We shall not prolong this review. Had
there not been signs of genius in the produc-
tion, we would not have wasted our
paper to express our regret at its being
ill-directed, and our hope that the author,
whoever he is, will henceforward devote
his powers more to his own and his
country's honour—remembering the pea-
sant's proverb, “It is an ill bird that de-
files its own nest.”

Several miscellaneous poems are con-
tained in an appendix, of which the
“Squabble of the Muses” displays a
good deal of originality and humour.

*Memoirs of the Public and Private Life
of John Howard, the Philanthropist.*
London, 1818. 4to. pp. 690.

(Concluded.)

We have already stated, that in our
opinion too much of Mr. Brown's large
volume is consumed by extracts from
well-known works, and by trivial details.
Howard's affection for children is demon-
strated, at length, by his giving an
infant a shilling, and his humanity by
his bringing negus to a female passenger
in a coach. Surely these proofs
were needless; if not, they are insufficient.
Still there is so much more to de-
light than to tire us in this stupendous
quarto, and even the repetitions from
Howard's publications are so well-chosen
and useful, that we are rather in-
clined to thank than to disparage the
compiler for pressing them again upon our
consideration. They are indeed worthy
of the best consideration of every man
living.

Before concluding with a few anecdotes and other extracts, we may notice
that a portrait of Howard, and another
of his second wife, ornament this volume.
The former is said to be from a
drawing from the life by Holloway, for
the original would never sit for his like-
ness; but it appears to us to bear marks
of being done from a mask after death,
or a wax model. Of these masks, two
were taken by Prince Potemkin, at Cher-
son, one of which he kept; the other is
in the possession of Mr. Whitbread. The
inscription to the engraving of the lady,
states her to have been the “favorite”

wife of Mr. Howard, which odd phrase
is repeated in the body of the book
(page 38.) Both are neatly executed.

With a general commendation of a
work, the particular defects of which
we have specified rather in justice than
in censure, we take our leave of it, sub-
joining the specimens already promised.

Sir W. Wake, and Mr. Sparrow, were
the rival candidates of Messrs. Whit-
bread and Howard, for Bedford.

A clergyman of the established church,
a warm supporter of the patriotic candi-
dates, one sabbath morning, during the
heat of the election, took for his text that
passage of St. Matthew's gospel, in which
the question is proposed by our Lord to his
disciples, “Are not two sparrows sold for
a farthing?” whence this encouragement to
their perseverance and their faith is deduced,
“fear ye not; therefore, ye are of more
value than many sparrows.”

Howard's method of treating postil-
lions who did not obey his directions as to
driving fast or slow, is thus related:—

Finding they would seldom comply with
his wishes, “at the end of a stage, when
the driver had been perverse, he desired the
landlord to send for some poor indus-
trious widow, or other proper object of
charity, and to introduce such person and
the driver together. He then paid the lat-
ter his fare, and told him, that as he had
not thought proper to attend to his repeated
requests as to the manner of being driven,
he should not make him any present; but,
to show him that he did not withhold it out
of a principle of parsimony, he would give
the poor person present double the sum
usually given to a postillion. This he did,
and dismissed the parties. He had not long
practised this mode, he said, before
he experienced the good effects of it on all
the roads where he was known.”

Our patriots of 1818, lament pathet-
ically over the subversion of Venice,
and its subjection to Austria. Let them
attend!

Of the despotism of this *free* govern-
ment, he learnt, whilst residing under its
protection, two instances, which, on his
return to England, he related to his friend
Dr. Brown, from whose memoranda they
are now transcribed nearly *verbatim*:—“A
German merchant happening to be at Ve-
nice on business, supped every night at a
small inn, in company with a few other
persons. An officer of the state inquisition
came to him one evening, and ordered him
to follow whither he led, and to deliver to
him his trunk, after having put his seal
upon it. The merchant asked why he must
do this, but received no answer to his in-
quiry, except by the officer's putting his
hand to his lips as a signal for silence.
He then muffed his head in a cloak, and
guided him, through different streets, to a
low gate which he was ordered to enter;
and, stooping down, he was led through
various passages under ground, to a small,

dark apartment, where he continued all that night. The next day he was conducted into a larger room hung with black, with a single wax light, and a crucifix on its mantle-piece. Having remained here in perfect solitude for a couple of days, he suddenly saw a curtain drawn, and heard a voice questioning him concerning his name, his business, the company he kept, and particularly whether he had not been, on a certain day, in the society of persons who were mentioned, and heard an abbé, who was also named, make use of expressions now accurately repeated. At last he was asked if he should know the abbé if he saw him, and on his answering that he should, a long curtain was drawn aside, and he saw this very person hanging on a gibbet. He was then dismissed. The other circumstance, or rather combination of circumstances, happened but a short time before Mr. Howard's visit, to a senator of this arbitrary republic. Called up from his bed one night by an officer of this same inquisition, and commanded to follow him, he obeyed the summons, and found a gondola waiting near his door, in which he was rowed out of the harbour to a spot where another gondola was fastened to a post. Into this he was ordered to step, and the cabin-door being opened, he was conducted into it, and as a dead body with a rope about its neck was shewn to him, he was asked if he knew it. He answered that he did, and shook through every limb as he spoke; but he was then conveyed back to his house, and nothing more was ever said to him upon the subject. The body he had seen was that of the tutor to his children, who had been carried out of his house that very night and strangled. The senator, delighted with this young man's conversation, used to treat him with great familiarity, and in those unguarded moments communicated to him some political matters of no great importance, but which he thoughtlessly mentioned again to others; an imprudence for which he paid dearly with his life, whilst his generous patron was thus admonished of his indiscretion by the sight of his strangled body." "Has not the vengeance of Heaven," asks Dr. Brown, in transcribing for the use of this work these two interesting anecdotes, "been justly inflicted on such a government by sweeping it from the face of the earth?"

The following is a more pleasing anecdote.— premising that Mr. Howard's food for the day usually consisted of two penny rolls, with some butter, cheese, or sweetmeats, a pint of milk, five or six cups of green tea, and a roasted apple just before going to bed.

A nobleman in Ireland impudently entreated the honour of his company at dinner, and he, at length, accepted the invitation, on the express condition, that the dinner should consist of nothing but potatoes. When introduced to the table, he accordingly found it spread with nineteen dishes of that useful vegetable, each cooked

in a different manner. Such an unexpected display of ingenuity caused him, however, to regret the condition he had imposed, thinking that he should have given less trouble to his noble host and hostess, and to their servants, had he left them to prepare a dinner in their own way. From the same respectable quarter I have been furnished with a proof of his inflexible integrity, as exhibited during one of the later of his visits to this sister kingdom. In the course of his inquiries into the abuses to whose correction the chief energies of his life were devoted, it was his inflexible rule never to accept of a present, whatever might be the pretence under which it was offered. On detecting some very gross mismanagement in a prison in Ireland, the nobleman under whose hereditary jurisdiction it was placed, learning the name of the stranger who had visited it, and alarmed lest the particulars of the wretched condition in which he found it should be made public, in order to conciliate his favour, pressed upon his acceptance a very valuable jewel, ostensibly as a token of his esteem for his extensive and unremitting exertions in the cause of humanity. That token, however, Mr. Howard firmly refused to receive at his hands; but on obtaining from him a solemn promise that the abuses which he minutely pointed out to his attention should forthwith be corrected; and finding on a subsequent visit to the prison in question that they were so, he suppressed the representation it was his intention to have given with his wonted faithfulness to the public.

We should be glad to add to these little stories, some of the graver reflections which we meet with in this volume—but our limits are already over-stepped, and we can only quote one truly benevolent triad worthy of its author:

"Our Superfluities should be given up for the convenience of others—

"Our Conveniences should give place to the necessities of others—

"And even our Necessities give way to the Extremities of the Poor."

* Review of Literary Gazette.

MR. EDITOR,

To your very judicious review of Howard's Life (No. 97) I beg leave to add one or two slight anecdotes connected with the Hibernian tour of that eccentric, but amiable philanthropist, about 1788. In a tour in the North, he waited upon a venerable Clergyman, who, on the announcement of the name of his visitor, said with some eagerness, "Are you, Sir, any relative of that great and good Howard, of whom we have lately heard so much?" To which Howard candidly, and in a sprightly tone, replied, "You see the man, Sir?"

In the course of conversation, speaking of his Turkish tour, he related, that whilst

* As our friendly Reviewer has confined himself this week to a subject which we had not exhausted, we add his notice to our own conclusion.

taking a Sunday evening's walk on the beach at the island of Scio, he stopped at a stall kept by a poor Greek, where he saw a religious tract written by one of the earlier Scottish divines. "I purchased it," said he, "for a few aspers; and it was my companion in the days of my pilgrimage."

The Sovereign and Burgesses waited upon him, and wished to give him a great dinner, which he declined, but said that he would be happy to drink tea with them, if his time would permit.

I can add as a fact, that Mr. Howard began his very abstemious, or rather *flesh-abstinent* course of life, earlier than his biographers suppose. In his friendly and even confidential conversations with the Clergyman alluded to, he said that his wife (who died in 1765) would have adopted the same course, "but he told her that *one fool* was enough in a family." Of his son he spoke, more than once, with great tenderness and regret, from the state of his health at that period. Q.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND ITS NATIVES. (From the Appendix to Barrow's Voyages into the Polar Regions.)

In our last Number, and in a Review of Mr. Barrow's recent publication, we inserted a general summary of Captain Buchan's expedition into the interior of Newfoundland, about eight years ago, and signified that we should probably avail ourselves of the information furnished by his interesting Journal, to lay before our readers an account of the natives, their habitations, manners, &c. We thus early acquit ourselves of the promise.

The Journal describes minutely the daily march of the party, from the 13th of January, to the 24th, either over smooth snow, or rough and ragged ice, which destroyed their sledges. Their course lay up the River of Exploits. On the evening of the 23d, they observed two natives, from whom they concealed themselves, intending to follow their track next morning; and the narrative thus proceeds.

With the first glimpse of morn we reached the wished-for track, which led us along the western shore to the north-east, up to a point, on which stood an old wigwam; from thence it struck across for the shore we had left. As the day opened it was requisite to push forward with celerity to prevent being seen, and to surprise the natives, if possible, while asleep. Canoes were soon descried, and shortly after wigwams, two close to each other, and a third about a hundred yards from the former. Having examined the arms, and charged my men to be prompt in executing such orders as might be given, at the same time I strictly ordered them to avoid every impropriety, and to be especially guarded in their behaviour towards the women. The bank was

now ascended with great alacrity and silence; the party being formed into three divisions, the three wigwams were at once secured; we called to the people within, but received no answer; the skins which covered the entrance were then removed, and we beheld groups of men, women, and children lying in the utmost conservatism; they remained absolutely for some minutes without motion or utterance. My first object was now to remove their fears and inspire confidence in us, which was soon accomplished by our shaking hands and shewing every friendly disposition. The women very soon began to embrace me for my attention to their children; from the utmost state of alarm they soon became curious, and examined our dress with great attention and surprise. They kindled a fire and presented us with venison steaks, and fat run into a solid cake, which they used with lean meat. Every thing promised the utmost cordiality; knives, handkerchiefs, and other little articles were presented to them, and in return they offered us skins. I had to regret our utter ignorance of their language, and that the presents were at the distance of at least twelve miles. The want of these occasioned me much embarrassment; I used every endeavour to make them understand my great desire that some of them should accompany us to the place where our baggage was, and assist in bringing up such things as we wore; which at last they seemed perfectly to comprehend.

It will not be expected that I can give much information respecting the Indians of Newfoundland. Of a people so little known, or rather not known at all, any account, however imperfect, must be interesting. It appears then that they are permanent inhabitants, and not occasional visitors. Their wigwams are of two kinds; one of a circular form, and the other octagonal. The first of these consists simply of a few poles supported by a fork, such as are common to various tribes in North America; but this kind is used only as a summer residence whilst employed in the lakes and rivers procuring food for the winter. Those in which I found them were of the octagonal structure, and were constructed with very considerable pains. The diameter, at the base, was nearly twenty-two feet; to the height of about four feet above the surface was a perpendicular wall or fence of wooden piles and earth; on this was affixed a wall-plate, from which were projected poles forming a conical roof, and terminating at the top in a small circle, sufficient for emitting the smoke and admitting the light; this and the entrance being the only apertures; a right line being drawn to equal distances from each of the angular points towards the centre was fitted neatly with a kind of lattice-work, forming the fronts of so many recesses which were filled with dressed deer-skins. The fire was placed in the centre of the area, around which was formed their places of rest, every one lying with his feet towards the centre, and the head up to the lattice-work

partition, somewhat elevated. The whole wigwam was covered in with birch bark, and banked on the outside with earth, as high as the upright wall, by which these abodes, with little fuel, were kept warm even in the inclemency of the winter. Every part was finished in a manner far superior to what might reasonably have been expected. According to the report of William Cull (who had been before in the interior) the storehouses seen by him were built with a ridge pole, and had gable ends; and the frame of the store which we saw on the island, I conceive to be of that description, as it certainly had a ridge pole. Their canoes were finished with neatness, the hoops and gunnels formed of birch, and covered in with bark cut into sheets, and neatly sewed together and lacerred over with gum of the spruce-tree. Their household vessels were all made of birch or spruce bark, but it did not appear that these were applied to any purpose of cookery: I apprehend they do not boil any part of their diet, but broil or roast the whole; there were two iron boilers, which must have been plundered from some of our settlers; to what purpose they may apply these is uncertain, but they appeared to set a great value on them, for on deserting the wigwam they had conveyed them out of our sight. They were well supplied with axes, on which a high value is set; these they keep bright and sharp, as also the blades of their arrows, of which we found upwards of a hundred new ones in a case.

The reports of the settlers have always magnified the Newfoundland Indians into a gigantic stature; this, however, is not the case as far as regards the tribe we saw, and the idea may perhaps have originated from the bulkiness of their dress. They are well formed, and appear extremely healthy and athletic, and the average stature of the men may probably reach five feet eight inches. With one exception, their hair was black; their features are more prominent than any of the Indian tribes that I have ever seen, and from what could be discerned through a lacker of oil and red ochre (or red earth) with which they besmear themselves, I was led to conclude them to be fairer than the generality of Indian complexions. The exception with regard to the hair, was in that of a female, bearing all the marks of an European, with light sandy hair, and features strongly resembling the French, apparently about twenty-two years of age; she carried an infant in her cossack; her demeanour differed very materially from the others; instead of that sudden change from surprise and dismay to acts of familiarity, she never uttered a word, nor did she ever recover from the terror our sudden and unexpected visit had thrown her into. The dress of these Indians consisted of a loose cossack, without sleeves, but pucker'd at the collar to prevent its falling off the shoulders, and made so long, that when fastened up round the haunches it becomes triple, forming a good security against accidents happening to the abdomen; this is fringed round with a cut-

ting of the same substance; they also wear leggings, mockisons, and cuffs, the whole made of the deer-skin, and worn with the hair side next to the body, the outside lacquered with oil and earth, admirably adapted to repel the severity of the weather; the only difference in the dress of the two sexes, is the addition of a hood attached to the back of the cossack of the female for the reception of children. The males, on having occasion to use their bows, have to disengage the right shoulder and kneel down on the right knee; the bow is kept perpendicular, and the lower extremity supported against the left foot; their arrows display some ineptitude, for the blade, which is of iron, is so proportioned to the shaft, that when missing their object in water it does not sink; the feathers which direct its course become now a buoy, and they take it up at pleasure; the blade of the arrow, is shouldered, but not barbed. Their snow shoes, or rackets as they are called by some; differed from all others that I have seen; the circular part of the bow, which was cross-barred with a skin-thong, was in breadth about fifteen inches, and lengthways near three feet and a half, with a tail of a foot long; this was to counterbalance the weight of the front, before the fore-cross beam. So far their make is like ours, with the difference of length, which must be troublesome in the woods; but if my conjectures are right, they travel but little in the woods when the snow is on the ground; now this being placed on the ground and the foot in it, it forms a curve from the surface, both ends being elevated. Their reason for this is obvious, for the twofold purpose of preventing any quantity of snow from resting before the foot, and the other to accelerate their motions. Without causing suspicion, I could not venture to ascertain their exact numbers; but I conceived there could not be less than thirty-five grown-up persons, of whom probably two-thirds were women, some of the men being probably absent; the number of children was about thirty, and most of them not exceeding six years of age, and never certainly were finer infants seen.

Whatever their numbers may be in the interior of Newfoundland, there did not appear to be any want of provision; the quantity of venison we saw packed up was very considerable; there were besides on the margin of the pond whole carcasses, which must have been killed ere the frost set in, seven of them being frozen within the ice; the packs were nearly three feet in length, and in breadth and depth fifteen inches, packed up with fat venison cleared of the bone, and in weight from a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, each pack being neatly cased round with bark. The lakes and ponds abound with trout, and flocks of wild geese annually visit them in the months of May and October; and their vigorous appearance points out, that the exercise to procure food is only conducive to health.

The opinion therefore, of their numbers,

being few, because of their not being seen so much as formerly, is I think an erroneous one. That they should not appear near the coasts of the island is easily explained. The settlers thought they could not do a more meritorious act than to shoot an Indian whenever they could fall in with him. They were thus banished from their original haunts into the interior, of which they had probably but little knowledge, their chief dependence for food being fish and sea fowl. They probably were not then as now provided with the proper implements for killing deer, at least in sufficient quantities for their subsistence. As our establishments and population increased to the northward of Cape Freels, they were obliged to retreat farther from the coast; but the same evil that forced the natives to retreat, brought with it the means whereby they might still procure subsistence with a more independent life; for as the fisheries increased and the settlers became more numerous, the natives were enabled to obtain iron and other articles by plunder and from wrecks.

There are various opinions as to the origin of the Newfoundland Indians; some conceiving them to have come from the continent of America, others that they are the descendants of the old Norwegian navigators, who are supposed to have discovered this island near a thousand years ago. I had persons with me that could speak the Norwegian and most of the dialects known in the north of Europe, but they could in no wise understand them; to me their speech appeared as a complete jargon, uttered with great rapidity and vehemence, and differed from all the other Indian tribes that I had heard, whose language generally flows in soft melodious sounds.

The general face of the country in the interior exhibits a mountainous appearance, with rivers, ponds, and marshes in the intermediate levels or valleys; the timber, which is mostly white and red spruce, fine birch and ash, is much stunted in its growth, and those trees which have arrived at any considerable dimensions are generally decayed at the heart. In advancing into the interior, the birch diminishes both in size and quantity till it almost wholly disappears. In many places the woods are burnt down for a considerable extent, and in others young woods have sprung up, and their several growths evidently shew the fires to have been made at different periods, but none had been burnt for thirty miles below the lake; this general remark is made from observation on the banks of the river. The pond on which the natives were found does not appear to have been discovered from any excursion from the north side of the island; but there is no question of its having been seen in some route from the Bay of Islands along by the Humber River, or from St. George's Bay by a communication of waters; for in Cook and Lane's chart, published by Laurie and Whittle in May 1794, there is a pond delineated, which, from relative distances and appearances, I have no doubt to be the same on which

our unfortunate companions lost their lives.*

* Of this catastrophe we gave an account in our last.—ED.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS, FOR SEPTEMBER 1818.

(Concluded.)

Art. V. The Travels of Marco Polo, &c. Translated by W. Marsden, Esq.

Of all the travellers who visited the Eastern parts of the ancient continent before the fifteenth century, Marco Polo is the most celebrated and most generally esteemed. Far from his reputation being diminished by the progress of geographical science, though charged with exaggeration by his contemporaries, we find new reasons to admire his accuracy, and to be convinced of his truth, in proportion as we become better acquainted with the countries which he has described.

Mr. Marsden, who, during his residence in Sumatra, had an opportunity of judging by his own experience of the accuracy and authenticity of the narrative of Marco Polo in what concerned that island, was long desirous that some man of learning would give a new edition of the text of that traveller, with a commentary to explain the obscure parts. Many French literati entertained the same wish; but a critical edition of Marco Polo was no easy task.

Mr. Marsden's modesty does not permit him to believe that he possesses all the qualifications required by the Abbé Morelli, whose letter he quotes, but he flatters himself, with much reason, that they are not all equally indispensable to give a more complete and correct edition of the work of this traveller than any preceding, and even to illustrate it, by comparing with his text a mass of information of every kind, since obtained, respecting the countries which he visited. The importance of this comparison to the history and geography of Asia in the 13th century, rendered this task a worthy object of the pains which Mr. Marsden has bestowed upon it.

In an introduction, which would be separately a very estimable essay, the author has adverted on the life of Marco Polo, on the authenticity of his narrative, on the manuscripts of it which have been preserved, on the translations of it which have been made into all the languages of Europe, and on the principal editions of it which have been published. Mr. Marsden thinks, with Simon Grynaeus, that Marco Polo composed his work in Italian, and controverts the opinion of Ramusio and some others, that it was written in Latin by a Genoese, named Rustigielo, who was his secretary.

Passing over the detail into which Mr. Marsden has entered respecting the various MSS. and the Latin, Italian, French, German, &c. editions of his original, we observe merely that, like Purchas, he has preferred the version of Ramusio, not as being the most ancient, but as the most correct and complete.

Mr. Marsden, desirous of wholly dispelling the doubts which have been raised concerning the authenticity and exactness of his author's narrative, desirous also of clearing up all that remained obscure, and of placing in their full light the historical facts which are merely indicated in it, has undertaken a great commentary, or a series of notes, some of which are very extensive, and the number of which amounts to fifteen hundred and twenty-nine. We find collected in them all the passages of the modern Authors who have given new details on the events related by the Venetian traveller, on the persons whom he mentions, on the places, the manners, the productions of nature and industry with which he has made us acquainted. But what is especially valuable, is the collection of the various ways in which the proper names are found written in the most ancient editions, and in the MSS. which he has been able to consult, as well as the etymology of these names, and the corrections which seem necessary to recover the primitive orthography: a delicate and difficult part, in which Mr. Marsden rarely goes astray, because he knows how to stop often, and at the proper place.

Nevertheless, we might perhaps have hoped from a new editor of Marco Polo, an improvement, in the relation of the traveller, which would have placed his work much above that of Muller. We might expect, in beginning to read his text, chosen with so much care, and corrected by the collation of so many MSS. that we should no longer meet with these proper names altered, disfigured, and not be recognized, which, in the preceding editions every moment offend the well-informed reader; such as Succur, Sachion, Erginul, Egri-gaya, and so many other names of cities and countries which belong to none of the idioms of Tartary, and the strange and evidently disfigured form of which proves the ignorance or the negligence of the copiers, and shakes the confidence which we would wish to place in the author; for the corruption of the words seems to indicate a mistatement of facts, and we find it difficult to believe that a traveller who relates so incorrectly the names of the countries which he has visited, should afterwards describe them with accuracy. Unhappily, since Mr. Marsden, in so many ancient editions which he has compared, in so many MSS. which he has collated, has not found means to remove this stain, we must believe that it is indelible.

The reviewer thinks that Mr. Marsden has erred in the application of some of the names in Marco Polo, to cities of China; and he observes, that a great difficulty is caused by the frequent changes which the names of places in China have undergone since the time of the author, of which he gives some instances. The explanation of the Voyage in China would be much assisted by the table of the names which the cities of that empire have borne under the different dynasties, which is printed in French in the 12th volume of the General

History of P. Mailla, and of which the reviewer possesses the original (much more complete and more exact,) printed in China under the title of *Hoang-thou-piao*. Unfortunately this assistance is wanting for the most important portion of the journey.

In two parts of his work, at least, the English editor seems to have completely attained his object, and to have left in his author's text no difficulties but such as it is now perhaps impossible to surmount. By comparing the observations on the provinces of Eastern Persia, the countries near the Indus and the Transoxanes, collected by Goez, and recently by Messrs. Forster, Elphinstone, and Pottinger, with those of Marco Polo, he has perfectly explained the one by the other: we see by this what he could have done, if he had every where had equally good information. Afterwards, when the traveller comes to speak of the kingdoms of Eastern India, and of the isles of the South, when he describes the productions and the commerce of Great Java, which the commentator takes to be Borneo, and of Little Java, which seems to be Sumatra, and which Marco Polo divides into eight kingdoms, then the learned historian of Sumatra is upon his own ground.

M. Remusat thinks that the works of the Chinese geographers on the Southern countries would have afforded materials for an excellent commentary on the chapters of Marco Polo relating to them; and he expresses his surprise that Mr. Marsden has made no use of the extracts from these works given by P. Amiot, which, though very imperfect, would have furnished him with some information. After stating some objections to the map, M. Remusat concludes, by declaring his opinion that Mr. Marsden's is a most estimable and eminently useful work, which gives him fresh claims to the gratitude of the learned, whose esteem he had already acquired by his History of Sumatra, and his productions on the Malay language.

VI. Histoire de l'Astronomie Ancienne. Par M. Delambre. 2 vols. 4to.

This article is only the commencement of the review of this great and excellent work, or rather of the two first volumes, which are all that have yet been published, and treat of the Astronomy of the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Indians, and the Chinese. We fear that, without far exceeding our usual limits, we could not give any view of so laborious and learned a work which could be satisfactory to astronomical readers, and therefore content ourselves for the present with simply noticing it. When the whole review is before us, we may perhaps endeavour to extract the general result. From the present article we see that M. Delambre, recognising the claims of the Chaldeans and Egyptians to all the knowledge of facts which a long and diligent observation of the phenomena can give, denies them to have possessed scientific or mathematical astronomy.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

VOLTAIRE UPON ROUSSEAU.

Mr. EDITOR,

I send you what is in some measure a literary curiosity, Voltaire's analysis of Rousseau's *Eloise*. The French wit, who could bear "no brother near the throne," was naturally roused by the celebrity of the Swiss romancer; and the critique on his profligate and popular work, has the power of envenomed genius. It instantly ran through Switzerland and Europe in manuscript. But as it is, I believe, scarcely known to the later readers in this country, and as it deserves to be known, from its fine and fair development of the most unprincipled work that ever pretended to morality, I wish to see it take a place in your Journal.

LUIGI.

ROUSSEAU'S ELOISA. A PROPHETIC. GENEVA 1761.

In those days there shall appear in France a very extraordinary person, come from the banks of the Lake of Geneva. He shall say unto the people, I am possessed of the demon of enthusiasm: I have received from heaven the gift of inconsistency. And the multitude shall run after him, and many shall believe in him, and he shall say unto them, Ye are all villains and rascals, your women are all abandoned, and I am come to live among you. And he shall take advantage of the natural levity of this country, to abuse the people; and he shall add, that all the men are virtuous in the country where he was born; and he shall maintain that the sciences and the arts must necessarily corrupt our morals, and he shall treat of all sorts of sciences and arts; and he shall maintain that the theatre is a source of corruption, and he shall compose operas and write plays. He shall publish, that there is no virtue but among savages, though he never was among them; he shall advise mankind to go naked, and he shall wear laced clothes, when given to him. He shall employ his time in writing French music, and he shall tell you there is no French music. He shall tell you, that it is impossible to preserve your morals if you read romances, and he shall compose a romance; and in this romance shall be seen vice in deeds and virtue in words, and the actors in it shall be mad with love and with philosophy; and in this romance we shall learn how to seduce philosophically, and the disciple shall lose all shame and all modesty, and she shall practise folly and raise maxims with her masters. And his love-letters shall be philosophical homilies; and he shall get drunk with an English nobleman, who shall insult him, and he shall challenge him to fight, and his mistress, who has lost the honour of her own sex, shall decide with regard to that of men, and she shall teach her master, who taught her every thing, that he ought not to fight. And he shall go to Paris, where he shall be introduced to wantons of the town, and he shall get drunk like a fool;

and he shall write an account of this adventure to his mistress, and she shall thank him for it. The man who shall marry his mistress shall know that she is loved to distraction by another, and this good man notwithstanding shall be an Atheist; and she shall write to her lover, that if she were again at liberty she would wed her husband rather than him: and the philosopher shall have a mind to kill himself, and shall compose a long dissertation to prove that a lover ought always to kill himself when he has lost his mistress; and her husband shall prove to him that it is not worth while, and he shall not kill himself. Then he shall set out to make the tour of the world, in order to allow time for the children of his mistress to grow up, and that he may get to Switzerland time enough to be their preceptor, and to teach them virtue as he has done their mother. And he shall see nothing in the tour of the world; and he shall return to Europe, and when he shall have arrived there, they shall still love each other with transport, and they shall squeeze each other's hands and weep. And this fine lover being in a boat alone with his mistress, shall have a mind to throw her into the water, and himself along with her.—And all this they shall call philosophy and virtue; and they shall talk so much of philosophy and virtue, that nobody shall know what philosophy or virtue is. And the mistress of the philosopher shall have a few trees and a rivulet in her garden, and she shall call that her Elysium, and nobody shall be able to comprehend what that Elysium is; every day she shall feed sparrows in her garden; and she shall sup in the midst of her harvest people; and she shall cut hemp with them, having her lover at her side, and the philosopher shall be desirous of cutting hemp the day after, and the day after that, and all the days of his life. And she shall be a pedant in every word she says, and all the rest of her sex shall be contemptible in her eyes. And she shall die; and before she dies, she shall preach, according to custom; and she shall talk incessantly, till her strength fails her; and she shall dress herself out like a coquette, and die like a saint.

The author of this book, like those empirics who make wounds in order to shew the virtue of their balsams, shall poison our souls for the glory of curing them, and this poison shall act violently on the understanding and on the heart, and the antidote shall operate only on the understanding; and the poison shall triumph, and he shall boast of having opened a gulph, and he shall think he saves himself from all blame, by crying, "Woe be to the young girls who shall fall into it, I have warned them against it in my Preface"—and young girls never read a preface; and he shall say, by way of excuse for his having written a book which inspires vice, that he lives in an age wherein it is impossible to be good; and to justify himself, he shall slander the whole world, and threaten with his contempt all those who do not like his book; and every body shall wonder how, with a soul so pure, he

could compose a book which is so much the reverse; and many who believed in him shall believe in him no more.

MODERN RUSSIA AND THE ANCIENT COLCHIS!!

Extract from a Letter from Captain Moritz Von Kotzebue, of the General Staff, dated 28 June 1818, from Kntais on the Rioni, the residence of the former Czars of Imireti.

I determined to begin my work in Spring on the Black Sea. I left Tefis on the 21st of March, and in 11 days performed the journey, over Cartalnia and Imireti to Rodut-Kule. Here I went for the first time these twelve years on board a ship, and sailed to Suzum-Kale, in the Province of Arosia, finished my labours there, and arrived in May again at Rodut-Kule, whence I went to Cutais. Here also I hope to have done soon, as I next go to the frontiers of Persia and to the Caspian Sea; and in the Spring of 1819, if it please God, I trust I shall have terminated my whole commission.*

I carry my tent and all my household with me, otherwise I should be scorched or die of hunger. My sumpter-borse deserves to be painted by a clever artist, and to be engraved in England. Conceive on his back, or hanging at his sides, a confused heap of kettles, ropes of onions, sacks, baggage, live and dead fowls, in short, every thing that belongs to the kitchen, and upon the top a drunken Denschick (a soldier in attendance,) who carries with great care his cap full of eggs. A revolution very frequently takes place in this equipage. The live capons, tired of hanging, begin to fight all round. The fellow at first preaches patience to them, at last it comes to blows, the horse gets frightened, runs away, and we are in the end obliged to pick up piece by piece, the fellow, the capons, and the whole paraphernalia of the kitchen.

Imireti, where I am at present, is the ancient Colchis. The celebrated river Phasis,[†] now called Rioni, flows at my feet, but unfortunately, it no longer brings down any gold with it, as it did 2000 years ago. It is said, that at that time the beautiful Medea guarded the Golden Fleece, and Jason was to carry it off. He would probably have been a match for me, and even for dragons, but instead of a spirited dragon he found a spirited girl, who conquered him.

Sirabo counted 140 stone bridges over the Phasis, where there is at present but one bridge, and even that is a wooden one. The same author speaks of many cities and villages, of which there are now no traces existing. Two thousand years were indeed sufficient to sweep whole nations from the earth, and therefore we laugh at the ambition of immortality, when we see, eight wersts from Cutais, in the Convent at Ge-

* This commission appears to be the settlement of the new boundary-line between Russia and Persia.—ED.

† Whence 'Pheasants,' as all our classical readers remember, these birds being originally found on its banks by the Argonauts.

latsch, the iron gates by which an aspiring Czar of Imireti thought to perpetuate his deeds, by pulling them down at the conquest of Derbent on the Caspian Sea, dragging them hither, and having himself buried near them. Poor Czar! nobody now knows if thy name was David or Solomon, and the one half of your trophy has been converted into nails by an economical Bishop! This convent, and the church of Cutais, are of beautiful Greek architecture, and the only remains of the former splendour of Colchis.

The Rioni, a beautiful rapid river, rises in Caucasus, and runs through the whole of Colchis, a country in which there is much picturesque scenery and many forests. Cutais is delightfully situated, and if Medea really once guarded the Golden Fleece, it was certainly on this spot. The Czars of Imireti were also wise enough to choose this spot for their residence. In fact, the Ancients were right to establish colonies here, because any thing may be made of this country, and—thanks to the present Commander-in-Chief, General Jernolow, much is now making of it. By his order, an excellent causeway, which is nothing inferior to the best in Germany, has been constructed over the mountains which divide Cartalnia from Imireti, and which were formerly only passable for horses; whereby a new way to trade has been opened between Georgia and the Black Sea. Rodut-Kule, or some other port in this sea, may in time become a flourishing commercial town, and then will Jernolow's activity have again found, the true Golden Fleece in Colchis. The venerable Major-General Kwrnatzofsky, Governor of Imireti, has in a short time gained the love and esteem of the whole nation.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

PARIS.—The Academy of Sciences, in its sitting of Tuesday, appointed three foreign correspondents—Mr. Brisbane, in Scotland, for the division of astronomy, in place of M. Ferer, deceased; Mr. Smith, for the division of botany, in place of M. Swartz, deceased; and M. Kunth, for the same division, in place of the Baron Picot Lapeyrouse, likewise deceased.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

METEORIC IRON, FROM BAFFIN'S BAY.

The officers in the Expedition under Captain Ross, lately returned from Baffin's Bay, expressed their great astonishment to have found the native Esquimaux in possession of instruments made of Iron, which led them to imagine either that they must at some period have had traffic with other nations, which seemed almost impossible, or that Iron must be produced there. A diligent search, however, satisfied them on the point, for an immense mass of iron was discovered on the surface of the earth, a

lump of which they brought with them to England, which has since been analysed by some scientific gentlemen at the Royal Institution, and found to be composed of 3 per cent. nickel, the rest iron. From the circumstance of nickel never having been found in iron, but in one instance, viz. a lump brought by Professor Pallas from Russia, which the Royal Academies of London and Paris pronounced to be meteoric, and fallen from the clouds, there remains no doubt of that brought from Baffin's Bay being of a similar kind. This extraordinary fact, perhaps the most important result of the Expedition, may not only teach us ultimately how to explain the phenomena of the Northern Lights, from which it is possible meteoric iron may be produced to an extent hitherto unimagined, but also to account for the remarkable variations of the compass in these latitudes, if not to unravel the entire mystery of Magnetism and the Needle.

THE POLAR EXPEDITION.—That branch of the Expedition which examined Baffin's Bay, it is asserted in *Blackwood's Magazine*, as a fact which may be relied upon, fully ascertained that the northern point of the Bay is in 78° of latitude, and that there was no passage from it to the North West. The greatest dip of the needle was 86°; and the greatest variation 111° west.

GAS LIGHTS.—Mr. Paterson, of Monrose, has been making experiments on Gas Light (suggested as it should seem by those carried into practice by Mr. Muir, of Kelso,) the result of which is likely to become very beneficial. His mode of obtaining the Gas from the coal, is, we (*Edinburgh Magazine*) believe, very little different from the common; but his method of preserving and storing up the gas in air-tight bags, and dealing it out in portions as it is needed, is what appears most worthy of notice. He has stated to the Provost the practicability of lighting the public lamps of the town, on his plan, at less than half the common expense; and proposes, with a small apparatus, not exceeding the trifling expense of 8*l.* to satisfy the magistrate on that subject. He proposes to have a gasometer under every lamp, in the form of a column, of a capacity sufficient to contain as much gas as will burn eight hours, and on a plan quite different from the common gasometer. These are to be charged with gas every day from the bags, by means of a kind of bellows, and in less time than one could trim the oil and wick lamps. Thus the great expense and inconvenience of pipes conveying the gas through the town would be saved, and the disagreeable smell, which unavoidably rises from these pipes, be also prevented. By the same method the gas might be retailed to families, and kept in portable gasometers moveable about the house at pleasure.

THE FINE ARTS.

ANECDOTE OF ROUBILIAC
THE SCULPTOR.

Roubiliac, being on a visit in Wiltshire, happened to take a walk in a church-yard on a Sunday morning, near Bowood, just as the congregation was coming out of church, and meeting with old Lord Shelburne, though perfect strangers to each other, they entered into conversation, which ended in an invitation to dinner. When the company were all assembled at table, Roubiliac discovered a fine antique bust of one of the Roman Empresses, which stood over side table, when immediately running up to it with a degree of enthusiasm, he exclaimed, "What an air! what a pretty mouth! what *tout ensemble!*" The company began to stare at one another for some time, and Roubiliac regained his seat; but instead of eating his dinner, or shewing attention to any thing about him, he every now and then burst out into fits of admiration in praise of the bust. The guests by this time, concluding he was mad, began to retire one by one, till Lord Shelburne was almost left alone. This determined his Lordship to be a little more particular; and he now, for the first time, asked him his name. "My name!" says the other, "what, do you not know me then? My name is Roubiliac."—I beg your pardon, Sir, said his Lordship, 'I now feel that I should have known you.' Then, calling on the company, who had retired to the next room, he said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, you may come in; this is no absolute madman. This is M. Roubiliac, the greatest statuary of his day, and only occasionally mad in the admiration of his art.'—Northcote's *Memoirs of Reynolds*, 2d Edit.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[Literary Gazette.]

LINES

On the recent Death of Miss S—t T—r,
addressed to her Parents.

Our bonny bairn is there, John,
She was baith guude and fair, John,
And we grudged her suir, John,
To the land o' the leal.

But there's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John;
The day is ay fair, John,
P' the land o' the leal.

Burns.

There are some woes that wring the heart,
While Sorrow's fount is dry;
To which Earth can no balm impart—
They point us to the sky:
For there alone the anguish'd mind
Can peace and consolation find.

Vain then to hope with human dross
To bid such griefs be o'er;
Friends can but feel thy fatal loss—
Thy fatal loss deplore,
And HE who gives and takes away,
Tell thee, is now thy only stay.

Yet faint would I some comfort shed
Upon this hour of pain:
Alas! I cannot! she is dead,
And will not come again:
And child so good, and child so fair,
Hath seldom smooth'd a parent's care.
What could a Mother's eye delight,
A Father's fondness cheer,
That she possess'd not? lovely, bright,
Affectionate and dear;
Those charms youth, beauty, virtue gave,
Now moulder with her in the grave.

And therefore 'tis we heavenward turn,
Where joys immortal are;
And, piously confiding, bura
To meet our treasures there:
Who bless'd us in this world, shall be
Bless'd with us in Eternity.

Brompton.

W. J.

[By Correspondents.]

STANZAS.

"My days are passed away as the swift ships."

Yes!—dark is the storm-beaten Mariner's way
As o'er the blue bosom of Ocean he glides,
But darker the tempest of life's fleeting day,
And colder the storm that hangs over its tides!

Poor wand'r'ry thy rest is the rest of the grave;
No hour shall thy dawning of pleasure restore,
For the beam that at morning illumin'd the wave,
Now sinks into darkness, and lights thee no more.

And thus shall the Soul that is bound to the world,
And drinks the bright draught of its pleasures
awhile,

At eve be afar on its dark waters hurl'd,
The slave of its fondness, betray'd by its smile!

Yet how can the bosom unheeding resign
The hopes it has cherish'd, the joys it has
known,
Should no beam from on high, with effulgence
divine,
Shed its light on the path where we wander
alone?

O Thou! who with goodness increasing, divine,
Dost calm the rude waves of the merciless sea,
May this bosom, whatever its trials, be thine,
And, where'er it shall wander, be fix'd upon
Thee!

W. S.

THE INCONSTANCY OF WOMAN.

And do I then wonder that JULIA deceives me,
When surely there's nothing in nature more
common;
She vows to be true; and, while vowing, she
leaves me!

But could I expect any more from a WOMAN?

Q Woman! your heart is a pitiful treasure,
And Mahomed's doctrine was not too severe,
When he thought you were only materials of
pleasure,
And reason and thinking were out of your
sphere.

By your heart, when the fond sighing lover
can win it,
He thinks that an age of anxiety's paid;
But, oh, while he's blest, let him die on the
minute—

If he live but a day, he'll be surely betray'd;

LINES WRITTEN IN THE VICINITY OF
HACKNEY.

Ye verdant fields, ye flow'rets fair,
Which round your odours fling,
I joy to know ye all declare
The blithe return of Spring.
The varied charms these scenes that grace,
With fond delight I view,
And busy Memory would retrace
The days when ye were new.

O days remote from want and wealth,
From grief and wasting care!
When, free as thought, and rich in health,
I knew not of despair!
Awake by early morning's ray,
I flew to pleasure soon,
Welcomed with mirth the brightening day,
And hailed the blaze of noon.

For then, while thoughtless roving here,
Rude as the northern blast,
The future could suggest no fear,
And no regret the past.
And lusty Hope, then strong in youth,
Told gayer hours were nigh;
I may complain he told not truth,
But bliss was in the lie.

Here, too, in later years I strolled,
Delighted as before,
Far dear to me the scene that told
Of pleasures then no more.
Those days, indeed, were not so glad
As some before them set;
But every year, however sad,
Bequeaths us some regret.

And I have wandered here with ONE,
And rode on that soft rippling wave,
Which tearfully reflects the sun,
Now shining on her open grave.
Here, as a brother, smiled to see
Her charms in gay succession shoot,
Fair as the blossoms on yon tree,
And sweeter than its promised fruit.

And where now lonely I recline,
To pass a little mournful time,
And listless turn th' unpolish'd line,
To shew how feebly grief can rhyme—
Ev'n here, the dear one by my side
Has prais'd the prospect I survey,
Or turnd my careless tongue to chide,
When Mirth hath spurn'd at Reason's sway.

Yes, the bright landscape I now trace,
Her eyes have gaz'd upon with mine;
O! that those eyes in such short space
Eternally should cease to shine!
Or that this hand, which she, unbied,
Would with a sister's kindness clasp,
Should, taking hers as late it did,
Have clamy Death within its grasp.

Insolvent language vain would add
How yearned her heart for all distress,
And tell her grief when I was sad,
Her generous joy at my success:
And never shall my soul forget
The dear consoler of its woe,
When she who bore me paid that debt
Which all our race to Nature owe.

Sister, when Death this form shall claim,
Borne where thy spirit I may see;
In Heaven there are but few I'll name
Before I fondly turn to thee,
But, lingering on this joyless ball,
Here often will my footsteps wind,
To court those scenes which best recall
A face so fair, a heart so kind.

April 19, 1817.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

No. XXII.
SHOPPING.

" You are the very person I was wishing for," exclaimed Lady Mary, on my entering her tasteful and elegant *Boudoir*, with an edition of Metastazio in my hand, which I had promised to get for her. " I want you to accompany me in shopping; and there are few people that are worthy of such an office, for your very young men consider it as a bore to be confined in any way, nor your very old gentlemen have not patience to endure so much restraint, nor to witness the little caprices of a woman's choice—to see her fancy different things, yet change her mind after all." I assured her Ladyship that I was at her service; she in consequence ordered her Landau *Via-a-Via* to the door (the morning being delightful); and we were about to start, when the Dean's wife, Lady Eleanore, paid her a morning visit. She could not be denied, for she was looking over her virandas when the carriage drove up to the door.

I never saw her look more becoming. Figure to yourself, gentle reader, a very lovely woman elegantly dressed, surrounded with roses and other fragrant productions of Flora, smiling like a sappho, and showing two rows of the finest pearls, encircled by ruby lips. I really felt proud of my office of accompanying her: nor was her confidence in my friendship, age and experience, lost upon me. A young man would have surrendered his heart upon the occasion; an old one could only feel a kindly glow, at contemplating such a blaze of charms. Love, like wine, inflames and intoxicates youth; whilst its moderated enjoyment warms and solaces old age.

Lady Eleanore now entered the apartment. She perceived that Lady Mary was going out, and made her visit very short. She came to request the former to give a young lady, arrived from the country, a seat in her box at the opera, and to petition in favour of an officer's widow under peculiar circumstances of distress. Lady Mary granted both requests, and was so moved by the eloquence of Lady Eleanore in behalf of the widow, that she accompanied a most generous donation by a tear of pity, which trembled like a diamond in her eye, and reflected her beauties with tenfold lustre. * She is too good, too susceptible, too tender-hearted for the *Exquisite*,* said I to myself: she will be thrown away.'

During Lady Eleanore's short stay, I remarked a quality in her, very rare amongst modern ladies, and very becomin in the wife of a Divine, namely, real, genuine charity,

* See a former Number—Literary Gazette.

in its most delicate kind, and in its noblest form: I mean that charity which judges mildly of humanity, is prone to praise, warm in panegyric, backward or slow to blame, silent in the midst of slander, and apologetic for the failings of others. She is the only woman of my acquaintance who possesses this treasure of the mind.

The extravagant and ruined Lady Rackrent was named: she pitied her embarrassment, because she knew that she had a good heart, that she had done generous things, and was profuse from want of order, but not from want of principle. Mrs. Mirabel's dreadful temper was next made the subject-matter of conversation: she regretted extremely that so worthy a woman should have so little control over herself, but a variety of misfortunes and bad health had rendered her temper rather uneven, and she suffered so much from it herself that she became rather an object of compassion than of resentment. The newspaper, lying on the table, contained Lady Lightfoot's *fair pas* and elopement; both were mentioned: she turned the conversation, and only observed, that she knew her at a very early age, that her heart and her disposition were admirable, and that it was so painful to her not to think well of her, that she could not bear the subject.

What a contrast to Mrs. Marvellous, and to hosts of male and female goasics! slander in the food of their idle hours, the seasoning of their conversation. Their breath, like a blight in the midst of summer, withers every thing which it touches; whilst Lady Eleanore's, like the bland breeze of a salubrious clime, revivifies and refreshes.

She soon took leave, and we proceeded on our shopping expedition. " Now let me see what I want," said Lady Mary. " I must go to my lace merchant in Bruton Street, to Dyde and Scribe's in Pall Mall, to my jeweller in Bond Street, to Dover Street, to Colburn's Library, and to a nursery garden in the King's Road. I want my diamond cross mended, a new parasol, a dress altered, and to see some arrivals from Paris in the way of *nouvelles* in dress. I must purchase some flowering-shrubs for my *déjoué*, and must call on the man who chalks my floors, then at Smyth the perfumer's, and to get the last new novel. We calculated, as we went along, that her fete would cost about two hundred pounds, (which put us in mind of calling at Gunter's, in Berkeley Square), and that her lace dress would come to about three hundred. No wonder that women of fashion are in difficulties and in debt! But Lady Mary's fortune is very considerable. She showed me, however, a dress of Mrs. Vain's, which was to cost upwards of three hundred guineas, although her husband has barely fifteen hundred a year, up to which he lives in one winter: but ladies must emulate each other, and people of the same circle must dress in the same style. How half our women of fashion's dress makers' and milliners' bills are paid is wonderful, although many of them have more ways and means than our minister of finance!"

We now come to shopping. There are three descriptions of visitors of shops, those of necessity, those who go there from habit and fashion, and those who make these morning calls from *desseurement* and for the purpose of killing time. The last two classes are by far the most numerous; and he who has the misfortune to accompany them in their shopping circle through the west end of the town, must make up his mind to long waiting, and to seeing a thousand articles displayed, handled, looked at, commented upon, and returned to their drawers and shelves.

The beau in waiting must also be prepared for listening to the flippancy of those impertinents—half men and half milliners, half slaves and half sops, who babble about fashions, dresses, becoming colours, style and town taste,—who exhibit a "beautiful summer article," or "a splendid winter wear,"—who chatter like magpies and cheat like Jews,—who are as obtrusive as a morning dun, and who deceive like tooth-drawers. These men-monkeys have names at command, and assure you that such a Duchess and such a Countess have just bought a piece of the same stuff, that it is all the rage, and that nothing else is asked for by people of quality; that these artificial flowers are better executed than any thing of the kind they ever saw; and that such a pattern is just arrived from France, which having in reality lain for a considerable time in their stock, they are anxious to bring into vogue, or rather to get it off by procuring a titled lady or a beautiful woman to wear it.

The gentleman must also be prepared for the disgust of observing these counter beaux force their merchandise on customers; persuading youth, extravagance and inexperience, to inconvenience themselves, their parents, or husbands, by buying many useless things, and by running up bills which meet them at an after period in a gigantic and frightful form, which foment variances, create disputes, and often lay the foundation of ruin.

If the female idler or habitual shopper purchase many things, you will have to regret her being taken in. If she examine a whole *magasin de mode* or a gallery of fashion, occupy half dozen attendants in running about for her, change her mind a dozen times, and abuse a score of articles, then turn upon her heel with a proud toss of the head and say "I'll call again," leaving blank countenances and tried patience, and thus quit the shop, you feel ashamed for her, lament the loss of time to yourself, and the hoax thus practised upon the expecting disappointed tradesman. " *Mais il sait se venger*," as the Frenchman says.

The tradesman at the west-end of the town is used to this; and he loads Lady Barbara's carriage with a gross of extravagancies, and swells the nabob's wife's account, in order to pay for his time and for his trouble. I actually caught two linendraper's puppies winking at each other, as the master of the shop put a cargo of *unnecessaries* and a pet pig together into Lady

Lavish's carriage : as much as to say " Has not he made a prime morning of it, and prevailed upon her to take off a fine lot ? "

There are, however, other dangers more serious than these to encounter, in shopping with a lady. If there be a partiality towards her, inclination suggests some present ; the trouble she has given, or the saucy improprieties of Mr. Calico, induce you to purchase something which you do not want, and, perhaps, to spend money which you actually do want ; and ladies there are who give you a pretty broad hint that a present would not be unwelcome, and who, after admiring an article, lay it down with the sweetest composure of resignation, and, looking most fascinatingly, shake their head, and observe that they cannot afford to purchase it just now !

These various motives for shopping combine to draw crowds to the fashionable tradesmen's warehouses. Some of the gay shops, to which I went with Lady Mary, were crowded like a fair. Groups of ladies were talking with the utmost vivacity ; and it was difficult to pierce through the rows and ranks of beauty and ton. The staircases up to the show-rooms were thronged with customers ; and a battalion of tall footmen with their long canes were drawn up at the shop door—those appendages and followers of rank, whose idle services would be better employed in tilling the ground, and in serving their country by land or by sea, instead of gossiping and backbiting their employers, and consuming the pauper's bread. These well-proportioned livery-laced incumbencies are quite awful at a shop door, and frequently prevent the modest customer from entering the house ; but the west-end of the town tradesmen are all upon the great scale, and only calculate upon the custom of the rich or the extravagant.

Another magnet drawing the votaries of fashion to these ornamental magazines, is, to meet acquaintances, nay even to make the amorous appointment. Otherwise many a comely and well-dressed youth would not be seen vaulting from his horse at the entrance to the shop, and giving him to his groom to hold, or drawing up his curriole at these doors, in order to squeeze the hand of some gallant wife in high life, to get a peep at a celebrated beauty, to slip the sweetly perfumed *billet-doux* into the fair hand of his intended, to inquire if her Ladyship will be at the masquerade, or when he might call on the mistress of his heart. Such is the multitude of carriages, such the crowded cavalcade, so numerous the liveried attendants, at some of these warehouses, that the scene appears like the assemblage at a Court-day or Levee.

I had, however, none of these disadvantages to encounter in the round with Lady Mary. I had only to observe a little extravagance on her part, general popularity acquired by her manners, and an immensity of admiration from swarms of *beau-monde* butterflies, who levelled their glasses, and peeped into the shops to which she went, or dangled about her carriage as she de-

scended, or honoured my arm in ascending to this gay equipage. Her agreeable conversation shortened the morning's apparent duration ; and my own stock of patience and love of observation made me unconscious that it was five o'clock, when she set me down at home, and left at leisure to jot down the remarks of the moment for a paper by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—On Thursday, a new Tragedy, entitled '*BRUTUS, or The Fall of Tarquin*', from the pen of Mr. Howard Payne, was produced at this Theatre. As far as can be gathered from a first representation, it was successful ; as scarcely a token of disapprobation was heard during the performance, and some particular scenes were rewarded with "the most rapturous applause." The story of Brutus has been frequently dramatized, and the Author of the present Tragedy has so liberally availed himself of the labours of his predecessors, as to render his work in several parts rather a Cento than an original production. He has, however, considerable merit in adapting the whole for the stage, as well as in the higher character of a Poet, where his own composition appears.

The play commences with the assumed idiotism of Lucius Junius, who, on the murder of his father and his elder brother by Tarquin, counterfeits the fool, and is received into the family of the King, to make mirth for the young princes. Tullia, the Queen, is left by Tarquin the Proud, (then absent with his army before Ardea) Regent of Rome. Alarmed by dreams and portents, she sends for Lucius Junius from the camp, that a watchful eye may be kept over him, but when he arrives, she is disarmed of her terrors by his grotesque answers, and orders that he shall be called *Brutus*, from the resemblance which the want of reason gives him to a *Brute*. The first act closes with a scene between the Princess Tarquinia, and Titus, the son of Brutus, in which it appears that Titus has gained great favour at the court, and has formed an attachment for Tarquinia which is favourably returned. In the second act, the young Prince and Collatinus, are discovered in the tent of Sextus. They converse on their opinions of the female character, and being thence led into the famous wager concerning their wives, they post away and find Lucretia surrounded by servants, employed in household duties at Collatia. Sextus is inflamed by her beauty. He determines to return privately at the first opportunity. He does so ; and in a scene of tempest and lightning, where Brutus is discovered, Sextus enters muffled, having accomplished his infamy, and laughingly makes it known to Brutus, who then throws off the mask, bursts forth in his real character, and rushes to Collatia, where he arrives just after Lucretia's death, which he swears to avenge. The body is

borne to the Forum. Brutus addresses the people. They revolt. The palace is stormed, and its walls shattered. Brutus condemns Tullia to be taken to Rhea's Temple, where the body of her murdered father is deposited. She is horror-struck at the idea, and swears, if dragged thither, to starve herself to death. She appears in the temple, mad. She fancies she hears groans from the portal of the Tomb, which she forces open, and there discovering the monumental figure of Servius Tullius, recoils, fancying in her frenzy that it is his Spectre, and dies.

In the meantime, Tarquinia reminds Titus of his pledge. Titus is induced to join a party for the liberation of Tarquinia, and attempts to escape with her to the camp, at Ardea. They are detected, intercepted, Titus is condemned by his father as a traitor, and the play terminates with the death of Titus.

Thus it appears that the minor plot is of equal interest and force to the major ; and as they are not skillfully interwoven, the blemish is the more tiresome to the spectator. Promising that the scenery was very effective, we proceed to notice the acting.

Kean seemed to conceive the part allotted for him very justly ; but he proved miserably deficient in his voice, particularly in his oration over the dead body of Lucretia. His best acting was when (in the second act) he meets with Tarquin, who recounts his infamous adventure—his passionate exclamations, and the curses he bestows on him, were given in a fine style, and quite electrified the house ; the scenes also between Brutus and his son Titus, were given with a good deal of nature,—but according to the historical character of Brutus, he ought to have continued to the last the inflexible patriot that would not suffer the ties of nature to have the least effect on him, whereas, according to the Actor or Author, Brutus possessed the finest feelings of a father, and was overwhelmed with grief in parting from his son before he pronounced judgment against him. There was also too much time taken up in this interview. Bengough played Collatinus very well. David Fisher's Titus was superior to his usual style of acting, and Henry Keenble's Tarquin was better (though not at all equal to the part) than could have been expected. The death of Tullia is well conceived, and was equally well pourtrayed by Mrs. Glover. The destruction of Tarquin's palace is also well managed. It is so constructed that the large stones and fragments of the building are literally strewed all over the stage, and it falls with a tremendous crash, while the burning buildings in the distance produce a grand effect, as their flames reflected on the glittering spears and banners of the army of Brutus. The characters we have not specified were not prominent.—Mrs. West was Tarquinia, and Mrs. Robinson played Lucretia.

Of the literary character of this play we shall probably say more in a future Number.

Covest Garden.—The Operatic Fairy Tale, from *le petit Chaperon Rouge*, which we have mentioned as so successful on the Continent, was brought out as an after-piece at Covent Garden, on Thursday, under the title of *Rose d'Amour, or Little Red Riding Hat*. The scenery is most admirable, but the drama itself is feeble. A Miss Beaumont made her *début* as Rose d'Amour; she is an interesting performer, and sings sweetly. Durusef, as Rudolf, covered himself with musical Laurels, though not with Roses. Upon the two performers we have named the burthen of the piece lay, respecting the merits of which, the audience were divided between approbation and disapprobation. It is a foregone sort of thing, and does not fulfill our expectations.

MR. EDITOR,

I was much amused by the late correspondence on "*Othello's handkerchief*," and should have been more so, but for the merciless length of the letters. Have you no *procrustean bed* for the measure of these endless replications? Last week the *longitude* of their contents, and the *latitude* of their sarcasms, gave me a world of trouble, and what must they not have given you? I can imagine you with a grieving heart and a powerful hand making room for them by committing devastation every where else; here an iceberg laid on the shelf; there an inundation put into the fire, a South American battle returned on its brigadier's hands, a storm torn to light your candle, and a blazing volcano coldly laid up in your waistcoat pocket. Now, let your correspondents follow the rare and not less excellent example which I set them in my present Query:—In three words, "Was Hamlet mad?" * Lector.

Brevity is indeed as well the essential requisite for such a publication as ours as it is the soul of wit. We therefore abstain from inserting the letters of our other Correspondents on the subject of Othello, as they do not appear to us to place the subject in any new point of view sufficiently curious to sanction our offering the re-discussion of the whole question to our readers. But judging, from the numerous communications we have received on this matter, that such inquiries are generally liked, we not only give place to Luigi's Quere, but shall at a convenient time do the same for that on Shylock.

FOREIGN DRAMA.

GHEENT THEATRE.

We have not for some time past witnessed so interesting a representation as that for the benefit of M. Claparde. *The Burgo-master of Saardam* owes its success to the character of the Eng'ish Ambassador, and, above all, the excellent acting of M. Claparde, who has in fact created the character, by giving it a colouring which perhaps the author never intended. The allusions against England are eagerly seized by the audience. We laugh at the English in our Theatres; but, though they cannot deprive

us of that gratification, it must be acknowledged that they have the best of the joke on the great stage of the world. During the performance of *Adele et Dorian*, the public expressed their sentiments energetically in favour of a nation, whose glory and superiority the hatred and jealousy of her enemies can never pardon.

VARIETIES.

The following singular coincidence is pointed out by a Correspondent. The 17th of November has proved fatal to *three Queens*. Mary, Queen of England, died on that day, in 1558; Catherine, second Empress of Russia, in 1796; and our late illustrious Queen in the present year.

A magnificent collection of antiquities, belonging to M. Lidman, a native of Sweden, was destroyed by the late fire at Constantinople. In 1816, this collection was packed up in eleven great chests, only one of which, containing an Egyptian mummy, has been saved from the general destruction. About eight hundred volumes, being a collection of several classic authors in the ancient and modern languages, together with a considerable number of Coptic and Arabian manuscripts, which M. Lidman had obtained in course of his travels in the East, were likewise lost. M. Lidman has now arrived at Constantinople from Messina; and instead of finding his treasures in safety, he has to deplore their irreparable loss.

The French Government has determined to improve the establishments at Cayenne for the extensive cultivation of the vegetables of both Indies. Plants which hitherto remained unknown, are to be brought and naturalized in Guyana, for the purpose of thence transporting them to Europe; and at the same time, plants which are peculiar to Europe will be conveyed to Guyana; whence, as soon as they shall become naturalized to the climate, they will be transplanted, and spread over the most distant continents. French Guyana will thus become a kind of *entrepot* for every thing appertaining to natural history.

BOTANY BAY.—Particular accounts have recently been received from this remarkable Colony. The annual muster, concluded at the date of 1817, gave the following results:—

Total number of souls in N.S. Wales 17,165
Ditto, in Van Dieman's Land . . . 3,214

Population of the territory 20,379

There were 14,500 acres of wheat in cultivation in New South Wales, 1,250 acres of potatoes, barley, and oats, and 11,700 acres of maize. The following are the quantities of stock exclusively in New South Wales:—Horses, 2,850, Horned cattle, 33,650, Sheep, 66,700, Pigs, 11,400.

Of the above 20,379 souls, there were 4,100 male convicts; 1,340 women prisoners, and 850 of their children. And since the period this census was concluded,

this portion of the population will have been nearly doubled; upwards of 4,000 men and about 500 women having been forwarded thither, from this country and Ireland, since June of the last year. Thus, including the settlers who have since gone out, the entire population of the territory may now be estimated at 25,000 souls. In 1812, the total number of inhabitants were only 12,471, by which it will appear they have been doubled in six years! Mr. Oxley, the Surveyor-General, had just again left head-quarters with a party, to prosecute the intention of the Government, in exploring the interior of New Holland, to the westward of the Blue Mountains.

Official accounts have been received from the celebrated Russian navigator, Captain Golovnin: He sailed from Rio Janeiro on the 14th of November 1817, in the sloop *Kamschatka*. After a perilous course he entered port Callao, near Lima, on the 19th of February 1818. The Viceroy received this officer in the most hospitable manner, who is well-known by his journey to Japan, and the long captivity that he endured. The Captain sailed again for Kamschatka on the 1st of March last.

THEATRICAL MORALITY!—A fair daughter of Terpsichore, engaged at one of the principal theatres in Paris, some time ago manifested an ardent attachment for a young man, whose expectations in life were of a very humble kind. Her mother had endeavoured, by every means maternal tenderness could suggest, to break off a connection which, to use her own words, at once shocked her delicacy, and wounded the purity of her morals. After numerous expostulations, the old lady, aided by the overpowering eloquence of a wealthy banker, who was continually talking of his riches, had the satisfaction to find her daughter completely converted. The other evening, in the *coulisses* of the Opera, the mother was boasting of her triumph to a female friend, and describing the anxiety and distress she had suffered owing to the misplaced attachment of the pretty Rose:—"At last, my dear madam," said she, "the girl has recovered her senses! I knew she would soon blush for her choice! How could she entertain regard for a man who must have ruined her in the public opinion; for you know, Madam, the wretch is lost to all sense of religion, and his income, scanty as it is, is thrown away on sweetmeats and trash!" Rose, of course, figures as the *mistress* of the Banker, instead of being the young lover's wife.

Among the signatures to some commercial resolutions in the Cornwall Gazette last week, is that of "John Hawke, Rope-maker, for himself"!

A BULL.—An Irishman having put on mourning for Her late Majesty, was told that he had forgotten to put a black ribbon to his watch. "No," said he, "I did not forget it." "But when you were lately in mourning, you had a black watch ribbon." "Yes, but then I was in mourning for myself!"

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER.

Thursday, 26—Thermometer from 48 to 56.
Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 40.
Wind SW. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Raining till the afternoon, when it abated, but was still cloudy.

Friday, 27—Thermometer from 45 to 56.
Barometer from 30, 53 to 30, 58.

Wind S. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Generally cloudy.
Rain fallen, 15 of an inch.

Saturday, 28—Thermometer from 47 to 58.
Barometer from 30, 37 to 30, 53.

Wind S. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Cloudy.

Sunday, 29—Thermometer from 48 to 58.
Barometer from 30, 50 to 30, 45.

Wind SbW. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Cloudy.

Monday, 30—Thermometer from 47 to 56.
Barometer from 30, 40 to 30, 32.

Wind SbW. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Cloudy.

DECEMBER.

Tuesday, 1—Thermometer from 45 to 47.

Barometer from 30, 22 to 30, 10.
Wind S. and SbE. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.

Wednesday, 2—Thermometer from 40 to 46.
Barometer from 30, 29 to 30, 13.

Wind N. and NbE. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Cloudy, with rain in the early part of the morning.

Rain fallen, 125 of an inch.

On **Tuesday, December 8th**, at 5 hours 48 minutes 2 seconds, clock time, the 2nd Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

Latitude 51. 37. 32. N.

Longitude 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are compelled, by want of room, to decline publishing any of the poetical effusions which we have received on the death of Her Majesty. Subjects of general regret evoke so much from the Muses, that we could only make a very partial selection, to avoid which, we are condemned to sacrifice at once our feelings and some beautiful compositions.

The able *Essay on the Defence of Suicide*, in a Weekly Journal, is reluctantly declined as not congenial to the plan of the Literary Gazette, which is to disseminate as much as it can the light of literature and science, and, consequently, to avoid every thing tending to provoke political or polemical controversy.

We are much pleased with "S. Allsop" and his friends' warm approbation of the "Sketches from Dorset Castle," which have appeared in the Literary Gazette. The gentleman to whom we are indebted for them, will, we are in hopes, print them embodied in an Entire Poem, and, therefore, we cannot comply with the request to publish them separately. The wish expressed by several correspondents, to have what they are pleased to call the Poetical Beauties of the Literary Gazette in a small volume, it is not for us to gratify.

The strictures upon several of the most noisy of the periodical retailers of sedition and irreligion, which we frequently receive, from able pens, are certainly congenial to our sentiments: but we have no room for prolonged controversial subjects, and wish

to pursue the even tenor of our way, informing when and whom we can, without stigmatizing those whom we not only differ from but most heartily despise, and whose principles are rendered more extensively injurious to society by the desultory attacks of well-meaning opponents.

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Each cries—that was level'd at ME!"—*Gay.*

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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No. XX.

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